Mail Blog

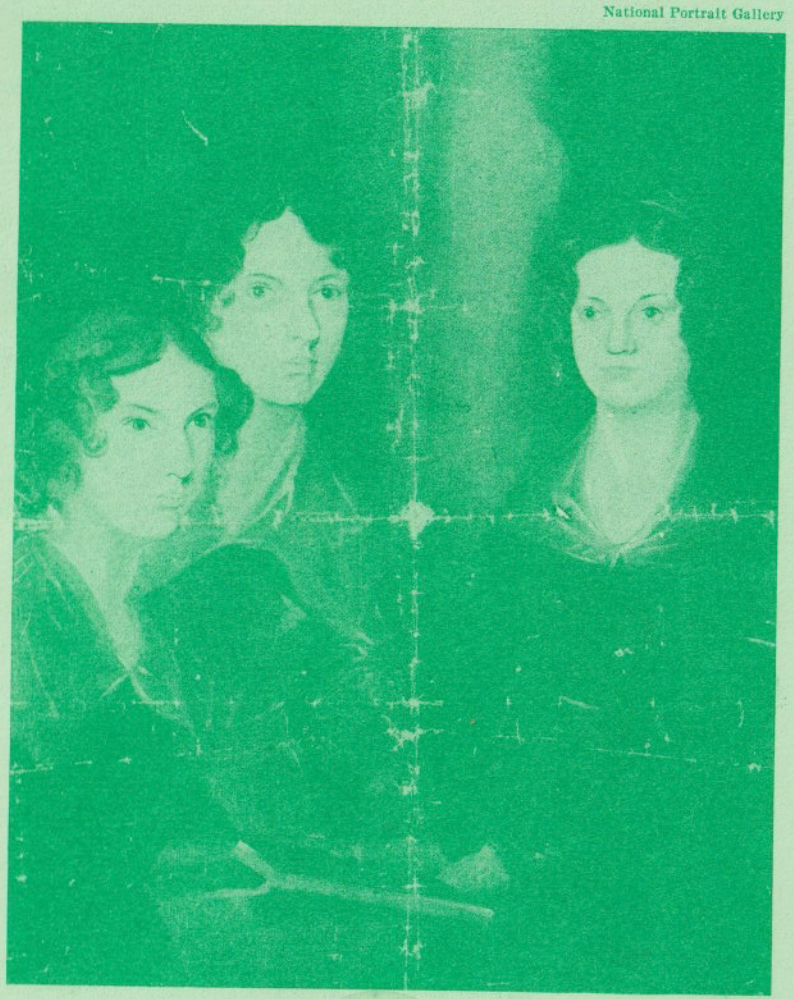
C.C.

09 APR.

The Brontë Sisters: Anne, Emily, and Charlotte

Isolated in a moorland parsonage, these young writers discovered imagination's wonderful world. Their brother, Branwell, pictured them; his painting was damaged in storage.

National Portrait Gallery



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I could hear the others getting ready and having breakfast as I woke up after sleeping for ten hours. I will walk up the mountain today to see Bergen from above as a spiritual cleanse from being lured down into a man's basement yesterday.

The man wanted to show me his vintage clothes collection organized by television and film characters of the nineties. He seemed most excited to show me the small Amelie section—skirts and sweaters in red—as if he psychically knew I watched the film six times in one weekend. (see Mail Blog March 17 2025) He disappeared behind the racks and suddenly I heard the accordian melody from the films soundtrack from a stereo. He tried to give me coffee but that was a trusting step too far.

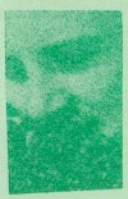
After the basement, I walked to the fair and sat outside to read from A Lovers Discourse by Roland Barthes in the sun.

> "to hide passion totally is inconceivable because passion is in essence made to be seen: the hiding must be seen: I want you to know that I am hiding something from you ... It must be known and not known: I want you to know that I dont want to show my feelings."

"Take Choice of All My Library and So Beguile Thy Sorrow"

The first table I ended up browsing was that of a person who was just sitting on a nearby sun bench moments earlier. We were both full of the same sun. Her name was Nadine and we spoke about the importance of archiving your own history because no one else will. She said that it doesnt matter if you cringe at past projects or actions because its still the trace of you and how youve processed and engaged with the world. She and her partner later performed at an event and asked the audience to imagine a snail as they compared the history of creative works with the trail of snails as a record of past present, and possible futures. I folded my hand in to a spiral and watched it mimic the shape of a snail

After two pieces of toast I walked towards the closest mountain. At the top, I looked down at the sun bench from yesterday, miles and hours away. Back at the bottom, I went in the directiom of the sun bench while eating a cinnamon pastry until I discovered a sign outside a building that said free entry, so I entered freely. Inside I found an illegible exhibit words and voices growling nonsense in a display that was like Norwegian black metal meets absurdist dada. Elisa and Nikolai were leaving the building as I entered Last night we ate a late, gelatinous dinner at a Chinese restaurant that made my stomach hurt all night.



> "I can do everything with my language, but not with my body. What I hide by my language, my body utters."

I covered Georges table while he went on a shopping spree. I didnt know any prices. Hugo at the next table knew them, even for my own book that I was there to promote. The day before the fair I read from it for a small audience inside a botanical garden greenhouse. Thank you to Anne Tveit Knutsen for lending me her Norwegian typewriter.

← "A Thing of Beauty Is a Joy Forever"

At the end of the fair impromptu farewell gathering at a nearby bar, the group dwindled to me, George, and the three Ms (Marniqc, Moritz, and Martin). The three Ms shared a flat. We went for sausages after some Norwegian students barged into the group to practice English.

One got very close to me so an M intervened and the student apologized and told me that in Norway, Im cool.

Books I purchased for their potential influence on my thinking.

An Expanded Sense by Ann Carolin Renninger -
Text paired with an observant yet remote visual element which reminded me of Ellie Gas Gyres 1-3, a video essay that became a personal guide for my own practice. It is a good example of blurring the boundries between the inner world of an observer engaging with the external world and thinking about it deeply.

Eternal U by Hubert Humka
A large book of mostly photographs of a forest that on a closer read is a cemetery for human to give back their nutrients to the trees. "I lie dead but everything else around lives on intensely."

The Box by Luke Drozd
A book-length essay about a "carefully cared-for record of loved ones jumbled together with random objects, gestures, and interactions with strangers." He presented a similar project in which one segment included a forgotten email draft. My own read: hhhhhh I don't